McKean County Miner.

VOLUME XXVII — SMETHPORT, PA., FRIDAY, MAY 23, 1890. — NUMBER 16

NOTICE.

The Circulation of the MINER is greater by 500 than that of any paper published in McKean County, outside of Bradford.

McKean County Miner

J. RHODES & SON, Proprietors

Arrival and Departure of Mails

Mail via R. W. & O. R. R. arrives at 10:30 a. m. and departs at 10:35 a. m.

Mail via B. R. & P. R. R. arrives at 10:45 a. m. and 3:30 p. m. and departs at 11:00 a. m. and 4:00 p. m.

Closed mail for Ormsby & Colegrove Mail leaves at 11:45 a. m. and arrives at 7:30 p. m.

Custer Mail arrives every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 9:30 p. m. and departs at 1:30 p. m.

Mail arrives from Bolivar before hour of mail closing.

Money Order and Registry Department of Smethport Post Office open daily except Sunday from 8:30 a. m. to 5:00 p. m.

Office open every Sunday for delivery of mail from 12:30 to 1:30 p. m.

CLARK WILSON, P. M.

Lodge Directory

F. & A. M.

McKean Lodge, No. 360, F. & A. M. meets on Second and Fourth Wednesday evenings of each month, at 7:30 o'clock, at Masonic Hall, Main st. next.

W. T. ECKELS, W. M.

G. H. SMITH, Secy.

I. O. O. F.

Smethport Lodge, No. 273, I. O. O. F. meets every Friday evening at 8 o'clock in Rachus Hall.

A. R. CORY, N. G.

A. T. SWINARTON, Secy.

Smethport Encampment, No. 273, I. O. O. F. Meets the First and Third Wednesdays in each month, at Rachus Hall.

A. MORRISON, Chief Patriarch.

E. M. CHILCOTE, Scribe.

G. A. R.

Post W. C. A. R. meets every Thursday evening, at 7:30 o'clock, in the A. O. U. W. Hall, Rachus Block.

A. L. BOOTH, Adjutant.

W. R. C.

Meets every Thursday afternoon at A. O. U. W. Hall, Rachus Block.

MRS. LINA WILCOX, Pres't.

—— Secy.

Knights of St. John and Malta

Bethany Encampment, No. 77, meets every Saturday evening in Rachus Hall.

T. A. BROWN, Eminent Com.

W. R. CURTIS, Chancellor.

A. O. U. W.

Intelligent Lodge, No. 167, meets every second and fourth Wednesday of each month at 8 P. M. in the A. O. U. W. Hall, Rachus Block, Main street.

MICHAEL MAHAN, M. W.

STEPHEN SIMPSON, Recorder.

R. A. U.

Meets on first and third Wednesday evenings of each month.

L. HOSKINS, President.

W. H. KNOWLES, Secretary.

K. of T. M.

Meets every Monday evening at 7:30 in Rachus Hall.

SAMUEL FAY, Com.

J. C. BACKUS, K. R.

G. M. E. A.

Smethport Branch No. 41, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at 8 P. M., in hall, at 7:30 p. m.

EMMA McKEAN, Pres't.

M. W. CHAMBERLAIN, Sec'y.

Hose Co.

W. C. B. U.

Meets every afternoon Wednesday afternoons, at 3 p. m., in their hall, Rachus Block.

MRS. H. E. HUTCHINSON, Pres't.

MRS. M. E. KINGSBURY, Sec'y.

Knights of St. Martin and the Iron Cross.

Meeting in Rachus Hall on first and third Wednesdays in each month at 7 o'clock.

DWIGHT WALKER, K. K. C.

FRED GALLEY, Scribe.

Rev. J. H. MCCANDLESS, Warden.

Churches

Methodist—Rev. W. D. Hicks, pastor. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. every Sunday. Sabbath School immediately after morning service. Class meeting at 9:30 a. m. Sunday. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday evening at 7:30 o'clock. Epworth League meets every Monday evening at 7:30 o'clock. Junior League meets every Saturday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock.

Episcopal—Rev. W. D. Hicks, pastor. Preaching every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school immediately after morning service. Bible class every Friday evening at 7:30 o'clock. All are welcome.

Episcopal—J. Hunter McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Holy Communion on the first Sunday in each month. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m.

St. Mark's Reformed Church—Rev. Samuel Fisher, pastor. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 2:30 p. m. The Ladies' Aid meets every Tuesday at 2:30 p. m.

St. Elizabeth Catholic Church, J. J. Hallinan, pastor. Mass at 10 a. m. Service will be held in the Sunday school at 2 p. m. Vespers at 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 9 a. m. Services each alternate Sunday at Shepherd and Clara mont.

Universalist—Rev. J. G. Haas, pastor. Preaching every Sunday morning at 10:30 o'clock, and every Sunday evening at 7:30 o'clock. Sunday school at 12 m. Prayer meeting every Wednesday evening at 7:30 o'clock. Social meeting after service.

Church of Christ—Rev. David Pratt, pastor. Preaching at 7:30 p. m. Social meeting after service. Sunday school at 1:30 p. m.

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WHAT IS

SCROFULA

It is that impurity in the blood, which, accumulating in the glands of the neck, produces unsightly lumps or swellings, which causes painful running sores on the arms, legs, or feet; which developes sores in the eyes, ears, or nose, often causing blindness or deafness; which is the origin of pimples, cankerous growths, or the many other manifestations usually ascribed to "humors," which, fastening upon the lungs, causes consumption and death. Being the most ancient, it is the most general of all diseases or affections, for very few persons are entirely free from it.

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"My daughter May was afflicted with scrofulous sore neck from the time she was three months old till she became six years of age. Lumps formed in her neck, and one of them after growing to the size of a pigeon's egg, became a running sore for over three years. We gave her Hood's Sarsaparilla, when the lump and all indications of scrofula entirely disappeared, and now she seems to be a healthy child." J. S. CARLISLE, Nantrigh, N. J.

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HAN H HAMMOND,

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PEACE REIGNS ABOVE THE GRAVE.

No brother fought
beneath the stars.
The other battled for
the bars
The land that gave
them both their
birth,
And saw their strife
succeed to mirth.
Now gives them
peaceful sepulcher,
And guards alike
with tenderest care
The memory of her
sparing scout.

O'er fields that heard the roar of guns
Sounds essential music, solemn, slow,
As entombed thousands reverent go
To where the silent sycamores keep
The firmness of eternal sleep.

No more shall fall on blue or gray
The leaden hail of yesterday.
But tender flowers shall fall instead
To grace the graves where rest our dead.

FRED C. DARTON

They Were Really "Shapeless."

When the western troops first entered that peculiar region northeast of Cumberland Gap they found in the scanty

"THE SORT O' LEANS THAT WAY."

population many a family so isolated that it had seen no strangers for months, and had even "lost the run of the days of the week." A very curious fact and it is a fact only too well for was that in some narrow valleys the few families had guessed that something unusual was going on because they had seen no strange hunters or tourists for a long time, but did not know of the war. An officer in the first cavalry company to penetrate that region relates that after a long ride over rocks and through forests his company came to a tolerably well built house in a circular hollow, where there were perhaps five acres of arable land. An old woman rushed out and, catching sight of the uniform, exclaimed:

"Laws a massy me—ef h'yar ain't one o' Darrell Jarkins's men. Why, mister, I 'lowed all his men was dead years and years agone."

"And so they are, ma'am."

"Ye' who be you'uns?"

"Union soldiers, ma'am—fighting for Old Abe—to save folks's say."

"Old Abe! Who's he?"

"Why, Abraham Lincoln, president of the United States."

"Lord sakes!" An' what's you'uns in Lincoln for? To fight for the British cum to raide?"

This brought an explanation and account of the war, at which the old woman was almost paralyzed with astonishment, and then I-did and this colloquy:

"Ma'am, are you Union?"

"Naw."

"Are you secesh?"

"N'er."

"Well, what are you, then?"

"Well, I reckon I'm jest nothin' yit, but most of the folks around h'yar is Englishers, and so me and my old man sort o' leans that way."

The Wrong Leg.

A soldier of the First North Carolina regiment, Union, who had lost a leg in an engagement in North Carolina, and had had supplied its place with an artificial member, consisting of a stout oaken peg, was present at the battle at Olustee, Fla., and while the battle was as warm as one would care to experience it a Confederate sharpshooter put a bullet through his wooden peg. He felt the

"SENT THROUGH THE WOODEN LEG."

blow, but escaped the twinge of pain that generally accompanies the passage of a bullet through genuine flesh and muscle; and enjoying a keen sense of the ludicrous he forgot the battle and its dangers and gave way to the heartiest and most explosive laughter.

He pushed along the line, and approached the colonel, to whom, after a severe effort, he was able to communicate the cause of his mirth. Almost convulsed with laughter, he exclaimed: "Colonel, by George! the d——d rebels have shot me through the wooden leg! Ha! ha! Devilish good joke on the fellows!" And he hobbled back to his position in the line.—Thrilling Stories of the Great Rebellion.

Lilith, Adam's First Wife.

According to the Jewish Talmud, Lilith, the mother of demons, was taken to wife by our first parent, Adam, prior to the appearance of Eve upon the scene. Being the legendary mother of evil spirits, one would naturally accept the story as a fact when told that she became unmanageable and tried to supersede Adam as lord of all creation. Thwarted in this, she took to the regions of the air, where, as a specter in the guise of a beautiful woman, she lies in wait for and pounces upon defenseless children. Some ignorant European Jews still believe that the beautiful murderess inhabits the air, waiting for a chance to murder their little ones. "It is said that the word 'lullaby' is a corruption of the words 'Lilla, abi,' or 'Begone, Lilith,' words used as a charm by superstitious mothers of legendary times.—St. Louis Republic.

—If you want pictures framed in the latest styles call at Specht and Sasse's Furniture rooms, Main Street, Smethport.

MEMORIAL DAY MAY 30.

FALLEN HEROES

GARLANDS FOR THE DEAD.

Advance! Each buried brave
Is now a glorious blaze;
Who, proudly leaning on his glaive,
Awaits the noxt ye bring.
No ordinary tear
Your deathless heroes crave;
A requiem with incense of the blooming year;
Let fair hands crown the brave.

They did not bleed in vain—
That father, brother, son—
Who made gray shore and pine clad plain
An altar and a throne.
Fame lifts the crimson sign
They once to battle gave,
Anew they form their gallant line;
Let fair hands crown the brave.

The surging tide is spent.
The mighty march is o'er;
A wail of sorrow, the soldier's tent
Has fled forevermore
But hope and state remain:
While o'er they lead to save
Will quench the fire and burst the chain;
Let fair hands crown the brave.

THE FORTUNE OF BATTLE.

A STORY OF THE CIVIL WAR. BY JUNIUS HENRI BROWNE.

[Copyright, 1890, by American Press Association.]

I AM so glad you are going, Darrell, and yet it almost breaks my heart to think of it. I had no hoped you would go, but I would not have asked you to for the world. You know how woman-like I am. When you do what I was praying that you would do I can't keep the tears back. O, how can I let you go!" And she clasped him more tightly in her arms and wept convulsively on his breast.

"Do not make it any harder, darling," he replied, kissing her tenderly. "I'm not much of a hero at best. I feel my patriotic resolution giving way when I see your streaming eyes and your distressed face."

"I will be brave, Darrell; I will be worthy of you. See now," and she dried her eyes with her handkerchief, "there are all gone."

"You are brave, my dear girl; braver than I am, I fear. It is far harder for a woman to let the man she loves go to battle than it is for him to lead the forlornest of forlorn hopes."

This very sentimental dialogue, occasionally punctuated, took place in the drawing room of a conventional brown stone front in Thirty-fourth street, New York, rather late one evening at the close of April, 1861. The speakers were Helen Morley, aged 20, and Darrell Seaton, aged 28. She had an intelligent, interesting face without regular features, gray eyes, light brown hair, a slight, willowy figure of medium height. She was the youngest of three daughters, two of them married, her mother being dead, and her father a prosperous dry goods jobber, in whose residence these love scenes were occurring, while he was passionately discussing the prospects of the civil war with several of his fellow merchants at the Union club.

Darrell Seaton, after having been graduated at Columbia, had studied medicine, and been practicing three years under promising circumstances, as his father was a physician also, and had gained a prominent place, though little money, in his profession. The elder Seaton had six children—Darrell the eldest—two sons and four daughters—and, having been opposed to slavery all his life, had naturally reared his family to the same views. Darrell had believed, while at college, that armed conflict between the north and south could not long be postponed, and had made up his mind, when it should come, to take some active part in it. A year before he had met Helen Morley, between whom and himself a close and sympathetic friendship soon arose. They were too good friends, they used to say, to fall in love with one another, and they firmly believed what they said. Thus secure, as they fancied, against any dangerous attachment, they passed much time together, took long walks when occasion favored, read the same books, and were both passionately fond of music.

The elder Morley and Seaton had been intimate from boyhood, having been born and having spent their early years in the same town in the interior of New York state. Morley was very different from Seaton. He had far less intellect, with less literary and artistic taste, but a far greater fondness for acquiring money. In truth, he had often said in youth that he intended to be a rich man, and he had largely fulfilled his intentions, being worth, at 50, not far from a million. His love of gain, as often happens, had increased with his gaining until he had come to regard wealth as indispensable. He was not destitute of generosity by any means; he did many kind things without considering expense; but he certainly overestimated the value and importance of money. He had expected to lose heavily by bold debts from the hostile attitude of the south, and this, perhaps, more than any other consideration, moral or political, had recently made him its enemy. In consonance with his financial ideas, he had seen that two of his daughters had married fortunes and he had determined that Helen should follow their example.

Clarence Williams, a young man devoted to society, clubs and pictorial dissipation, chiefly distinguished for idleness and the possession of a millionaire father, had imagined himself deeply in love with Helen, and had proposed to her a few months before the firing on Sumter had roused the nation from its protracted lethargy. To his surprise and indignation she had positively refused him—him who had thought that the offer of his hand would be accounted an honor. He had then, with singular lack of pride, referred his case to Mr. Morley, who favored his suit and encouraged him to believe that the girl would doubtless change her mind; that she probably had romantic notions on the subject of marriage, which a year or two more would correct.

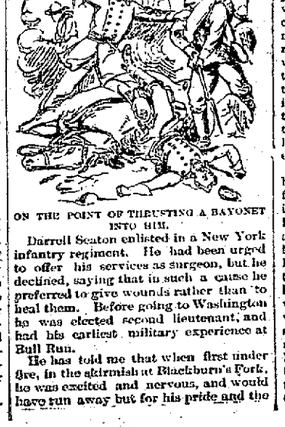
In an interview with Helen, she told him she had a temperamental aversion to Mr. Williams that never could be overcome. Asked if she loved anybody else, she replied evasively that she was not aware that she did. "Then there is ample reason," said her father, "for Williams to persevere. A girl whose heart is not preengaged never knows anything about the state of her affections. You'll come round, Helen, in due time. Why, my dear, Clarence Williams will inherit two or three millions."

When Darrell Seaton read the fateful dispatch on the morning of April 12, and felt that it meant, to him, possibly eternal separation from Helen Morley, the still throbbing of his heart revealed that his friendship had been but a mask for an intense, passionate love. He resolved to tell her so at the first opportunity, and he kept his resolution. He did not ask her directly to be his wife, but felt that she ought to know how he had deceived himself, and that he was at last awakened to the truth—the delightful, distracting, tumultuous truth. His avowal of cherished hers. She, too, had unconsciously practiced self deception. They were, and had been from the first, simply and completely in love with one another.

Before they were aware of it, and before they could understand how it was brought about, they were engaged. Darrell had always thought that he would not, under any circumstances, marry an heiress; and here he was betrothed to one. He was beginning to see, as so many young men have seen, that it is imprudent to form opinions without adequate experience.

"I AM SO GLAD YOU ARE GOING."

The enamored couple met daily, and their conversation much resembled that of which a specimen has been given. Helen was patriotic to the core. The course of the south, from the election of Lincoln to the revolutionary measures of Carolina, had fired her blood and made her wish that she had been a man. Her father, busy with mercantile affairs, never suspected that Helen cared any more for Darrell than for any one of a dozen young men in her social circle. He could hardly have been persuaded that she would dream of marrying a physician who had yet to make his way in the world. The idea would have seemed so absurd to him that he would have imagined it equally absurd to her. The influenced couple decided not to divulge their secret even to him. When the war was over they would proclaim it. "And perhaps," began Darrell, but tears shone in Helen's eyes, and she cut short his sentence in a charmingly feminine way.



ON THE POINT OF THRUSTING A BAYONET INTO HIM.

Darrell Seaton enlisted in a New York infantry regiment. He had been urged to offer his services as surgeon, but he declined, saying that in such a cause he preferred to give wounds rather than to heal them. Before going to Washington he was elected second lieutenant, and had his earliest military experience at Bull Run.

He has told me that when first under fire, in the skirmish at Blackburn's Fork, he was excited and nervous, and would have run away but for his pride and the conscientiousness That if he should begin running there would be no place to stop. Every time a bullet whistled near him he thought he must be struck; again and again death seemed to be inevitable. After fifteen or twenty minutes he perceived the danger to be much more apparent than real, and he gradually began to grow calm. Frightened, as he confessed himself to have been, he declared that he was coolness itself compared with hundreds that he saw about him. This encouraged and emboldened him. When he learned, an hour after, that not more than one hundred and twenty men had been lost on both sides during the skirmish he was amazed. He would have sworn at the time that the casualties must have reached three thousand at least.

He was afterward in the advance movement on the Confederate center. The Union lists were confident of victory, and he was in high spirits, when suddenly the whole right wing of the Federal army gave way before the unexpected assault from the enemy, and fled in the wildest confusion. Officers and all the officers who tried to rally them, drove by the fugitive masses in their headlong race for Washington. He soon reflected that there was still time for wounds; but he had no idea of the slaughter of the next four years, which turned the nation into a common house of mourning.

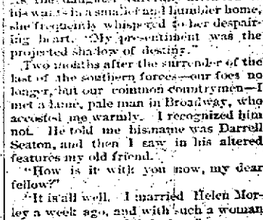
Bull Run had made a soldier of him; had increased his horror of aught approaching cowardice; had taught him the priceless lesson of the need of coolness under any and all circumstances. Bull Run was to him, as indeed it was to every free state, a kind of military education, and was duly profited by.

As may be supposed, Helen and Darrell corresponded, and their letters were very much, no doubt, like those the majority of young men and women write who are in love with one another. The correspondence may have been more romantic, for their environment was more romantic and their emotion quickened with uncertainty and peril. She was, for the first few months, in constant fear that every newspaper she took up would inform her of his death. But, as the time lengthened, and as he passed through battle after battle unharmed, her terrors diminished, though her anxieties continued.

She became, as men become who are habitually exposed to danger, a kind of fatalist, without any process of reasoning. She wrote, soon after the battle of Bull Run, that Clarence Williams had again proposed to her, encouraged, as she believed, by her father to renew his suit. His second rejection had apparently astonished him more than the first, and had so visibly excited his anger that she was forced to the conclusion that he wanted, unaccountable as such motive seems, to marry her from something like malice. The next month he sailed for Europe, to be absent indefinitely, and her father upbraided her for what he pronounced her extreme folly in once more declining a rich, handsome, well connected fellow, whom most of the girls in her set would be overjoyed to get.

Months and seasons passed very, very slowly, for the horrors of the civil war seemed to stretch out time immeasurably. Darrell had taken active part in most of the engagements in Virginia, serving under McClellan, Burnside, Hooker, Meade, and finally Grant. He had gone unscathed through the bloody battles of the Wilderness, and in the summer of 1864 was sent with his regiment, which he now commanded as colonel, to besiege Petersburg. He had been greatly opposed to asking for leave of absence, but had several times, during lulls of active hostility, seen, with increased love, his betrothed, who had gone on to Washington under chaperonage of a maiden aunt. Helen had been anxious to serve as a voluntary nurse in the hospitals of that capital, but her father, who was not very well, had persuaded her that he needed her care at home. The lovers had often been tempted to marry clandestinely, but they had resisted the temptation, even when she had, in despairing mood, a horrible presentiment that he would die in the field.

"Remember, my darling," he would say, in mock heroic tone, "that it is written in the stars that our matrimonial war shall begin after the nation's peace."



HE TOLD ME HIS NAME WAS DARRELL SEATON.

In the winter of 1864-5 he was ordered, with his regiment and a considerable Union force, to make another attempt to cut possession of a railway to the south of Petersburg. They started at dawn, and had a sharp engagement with a larger Confederate force, encountering an admirably managed battery, which threw his regiment into confusion. A number of the men had been killed and several of the officers wounded. While attempting to rally his command a shell exploded over his head, a fragment striking and killing his horse, and another shattering his left leg. He fell under the animal, and a sudden charge of the enemy, in overwhelming force, drove them over his regiment. A southern soldier was on the point of thrusting a bayonet into him as he lay there stunned, when a captain of the command knocked the fellow down with the flat of his sword. The Unionists soon rallied, and Darrell on recovering his senses found himself a prisoner and suffering intensely. After a while he was removed to a temporary hospital, where the Confederate captain visited him and did what he could for his comfort. The two men, about the same age, appeared to have an affinity for one another, and soon became, as they called it, very friendly enemies. The succeeding weeks were full of events; the cause of the south was rapidly disintegrating. As soon as possible Darrell wrote to Helen what had occurred, but the letter was lost. Everything in the south was chaotic. He was sent to Mobile, where his wound refused to heal, and where fever was consuming his life. He was not aware when Richmond fell, being semi-delirious at the time. Meanwhile he had been reported killed and his body missing. The New York newspapers contained touching obituaries of him, and poor Helen Morley, wishing that she had died with him, mourned without hope. Her father had failed in business, and the shock of his failure made him an invalid for a long time. As the daughter carefully attended to the wants of the small and humbler home, she frequently whispered to her despairing heart, "My presentiment was the projected shadow of destiny."

Two months after the surrender of the last of the southern forces—our foes no longer, but our common countrymen—I met a lame, pale man in Broadway, who accosted me warmly. I recognized him not. He told me his name was Darrell Seaton, and then I saw in his altered features my old friend.

"How is it with you now, my dear fellow?"

"It is all well. I married Helen Morley a week ago, and with such a woman as my companion I defy fate."

Increasing Importance of Memorial Day.

When Memorial day was instituted its observances were confined to the commemoration of the bravery and self sacrifice of the fallen heroes, whose graves are annually decorated with flowers and adorned with flags. As the years have passed these observances have broadened, and now they include, beside the celebration of the deeds of those who fought for the old Union and whose blood quenched the fires of civil war, consideration of the demands of and the relations existing between the sections of the new Union. Animosities are forgotten, and the north and the south each year clasp hands in closer friendship. This is as the departed soldiers would have it; they fought for a common country, and in the effacement of the antagonisms of the past not one jot of the reverence felt for the departed is abated.

The Martyred Heroes.

And I see a phantom army come,
With never a sound of fife and drum,
But keeping time to a throbbing hum
Of wailing and lamentation.

The martyred heroes of Malvern Hill,
Of Gettysburg and Chancellorsville,
The men whose wasted figures fill
The patriot graves of the nation.

—Bret Harte.

—Families, jobbers and everybody can be supplied with fresh and salt meats promptly upon application at Stull's, East Smethport, Pa.

—For wall paper, go to Reilly's Furniture and Carpet store.

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If you want the address changed, give the old address as well as the new.

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☞ Remember that for $2.25 the MINER and Philadelphia PRESS one year.

Clover and Corn.

Clover and corn! Clover and corn!
Best combination that ever was born,
One inside the other
As you need a brother.
To rub up your work points
And tone down your strong points.
Clover makes lean,
Corn will make fat,
Find us a better
Arrangement than that.
One digs below,
One mounts on high,
One works the earth,
And the other the sky.
Clover and corn! Clover and corn!
Best combination that ever was born.

—Sweet Home Visitor.

Skim Milk and Whey for Swine.

While skim milk and whey make excellent feed for hogs, they yield better returns fed in summer than in winter. By planning to raise winter calves and farmers feed in the summer pigs to pigs at 8 months old; and then, in the case of raising fall pigs, to eat winter apples, feed the slops to calves with a profit.

Things That Are Told.

Plow your land as late in the spring as early in the spring as possible, and you will not be much troubled with turnip fly or wire worm. On still land this advice is useless, unless it is well underdrained at least three feet deep. If that is effectually and properly done the plow will work beneficially on almost any land after two or three days' fine weather.

Vermont claims to have a greater portion of its area in grass than any other state east of the Mississippi.

George W. Childs is credited with having presented Mrs. Frances Cleveland with a Jersey cow.

James Rankin, who has had large experience, tells that for ten years his hives have all been grown artificially. The size of both birds and eggs has so increased that he had to increase the size of the market boxes at three different times. Now it takes only four du

The Mc Kean County Miner

IS PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY

Smethport, Pa., May 23 1890.

FROM THE STATE CAPITAL

(From our own Correspondent)

HARRISBURG, May 19.—The great approach to the date fixed for the convention of the two political parties of the State, shows some disorder now on the political checker board there are few inwards making up the task as they will be placed before the people of the state for their suffrages a November next. "Politics," says the old saw makes strange bed fellows, and this is true particularly in the case of our Democratic opponents. It will be remembered that in the early part of the campaign little else was heard except the loud calls for Wallace as a leader. His nomination was practically conceded and he became in the great victory he would surely what is grand plum to pick" he acted as governor of the Republican keystone State, he proposed to work the boom for all there was in it and he saw a possibility of future honors that grew bold close upon the recognized rights of others. In fact, he really imagined his victory in Pennsylvania would place him in the forefront for political preference in 1892, and of course he was non committal on Presidential candidates for that year. This was displeasing to the Cleveland followers and of course the Clearfield statesman and his boom were commanded to halt. The Pattison boom took a fresh hold and has now made such strides that Wallace is left out in the cold. His repeated utterances through the Democratic press lately show that he is in the soup. Wallace turned reformer in a funny spectacle to present to the public but the funniest spectacle yet presented is the combination that is to contest to the election of the Cleveland statesman and has been

The Times County Union

A Newspaper — Anonymous Publisher.

Smethport, Pa., May 23, 1890.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

Untitled again.

Just a little Accident.

A mortal Day is at hand.

Three Licenses granted in Smethport.

Lilacs have been and gone and withered.

The writers complain of time unto them.

Boy applications are out in full force.

The "Old Folks Concert" was a success.

The recent frost caused no noticeable damage in this locality.

A list of letters granted will be found in another column.

It is about time to get your hand bills out and we are all ready.

Just something for a dozy afternoon and a pillow and an hour, but no girls in it.

In reading *Intelligent* once would judge that Bond Hose was a pretty dry town.

Mrs Louisa B. Hoag died of spinal affection at Allegany on Decoration Day of last week.

—We are requested to say that Mrs. Dorcas Hyde will be married to Homer Chapman at widdings, tum nats, etc.

—Our office front rooms on the second floor of the Exhibition building will be rented by attorney F. M. Mayo for law offices.

—Mr. Martin Bowser and Miss Cora Smith, Keating were united in marriage by Rev. Mary Stark on Wednesday last, by Rev. J. H. McCandless.

—The census enumerators are all in the field, and it is said that the population of the United States will exceed 62,000,000.

—Mr. Wm. Hyde, of Hyde & Hyde, Smethport, and Miss Ida Hyde, of Bradford, were married in Bradford on Wednesday last by Rev. J. H. McCandless

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, Gives sleep, and promotes digestion, Without injurious medication.

The Centaur Company, 125 Fulton Street, N. Y.

W. A. WILSON. 1876—1890. L. EMERY, JR.

L. EMERY, JR., & CO.

THE GREAT SUPPLY HOUSE!

41, 43 and 45 MAIN STREET,

(TWO FLOORS.) **BRADFORD, PA.**

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Natural Gas Supplies,
Machinists' Supplies,
Blacksmiths' Supplies,
Railway Supplies,
Grocers' Sundries.

A HARNESS DEPARTMENT

Has been added recently, where you can get a hand made harness on short notice and at a very low price. All kinds of harness parts and halters in stock.

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THE NIAGARA NATURAL GAS BURNER.

The finest light ever produced by Natural Gas. Send for Sample.

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LIVERY AND SALE STABLES.

DEALER IN **HORSES,** Wagons, Carriages, Carts, **Harness, Etc.**

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MAIN STREET, OPPOSITE COURT HOUSE. SMETHPORT, PA.

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makes the goods shown with the cuts of best Rubber with Colchester Rubber shipping tag on.

Call for the "Colchester."

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RAMSDEL LEWIS & CO. Wholesale Agt's,

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FOR SALE AT RETAIL BY

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Without Oil or Wicks, no smoke, no smell. Without Clockwork to cover this new Wick Stove. Burns the Cake of Your Natural Gas without the Ashes.

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Manufacturers,

PHILADELPHIA.

OLD MAN GILBERT.

By ELIZABETH W. BELLAMY, ("ELIZABETH THORPE,") *Author of "Four Oaks," "Lillis Jocosa," Etc.*

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CHAPTER VIII.

WINIFRED DEMANDS A PROMISE.

"Well you be sister!" thundered the colonel.

Glory-Ann came struggling up the steps, half dragging, half carrying Missy, a fantastic figure, clad in a long white gown, on her head a little cap fashioned of the broad, satiny magnolia leaves, pinned together with thorns; in her hand a long wand of spirea, with three green leaves at top.

"Missie—Missy, you see dis child?" Glory-Ann panted. "Hit's time de was a stop put her all dis projectin' an' cavortin' in de moonshine, meckin' b'leve in spectits, an' witchies, an' what not. Missy you 'spect I forgit Missy? Out in'er de scrumpernong arbor, dat on de ground, wid her furse hivered up, an' jes' a-bowin' all by herself, an' plum' skeered wid her own foolishness. Missy dat fool nigger, Amity, is, I don't know—"

"I ain't scared of nuthin'," Missy protested, though her white face belied her words. "I'm mad! That's what! And as for Amity, I drove her off; she ain't no mo' good than if she didn't belong to me. She don't know nuthin' 'bout play actin'; she won't understand; and I ain't goin' to have no mo' play actin' of characters."

At this there was a general laugh, and Missy was borne wailing to bed.

In spite of all protestations to the contrary, Glory-Ann was confirmed in the opinion that Missy had frightened herself with her own performances when the child insisted upon saying her prayers over and over again.

"Tain't 'tigers, fat cats,' the old nurse commented to herself. "I'm 'fraid she was have bad dreams."

Glory-Ann had an apartment of her own in the house of her daughter, Tom Quash's number, but being a high authority in all childish ailments, she always slept upon a pallet in Missy's room.

Late in the night Missy awoke and called: "Mom Bee! Mom Bee! Wake up!"

Mom Bee, sleeping the sleep of the just, was hard to arouse, and scant of sympathy. "What the matter, honey? Whyn't you go to sleep?" she grumbled.

"I can't!" gasped Missy. "Somethin' gwan to happen."

"No, do ain't nothin' gwan happen," said Mom Bee, with sleepy security. "You jes' dreamin'."

"I ain't dreamin'!" retorted Missy, indignantly. "And I can't stay to sleep, Mom Bee; tell me 'bout the rabbit and the tar baby."

So Mom Bee roused herself to recite the dramatic adventures, which, long before the day of Uncle Remus's introduction to the general public, had done duty in Southern nurseries.

But Missy soon interrupted. "I'm sick of the rabbit and the overhaulin' business that declared ungratefully.

"I wish it would be day."

"Hit gwan be day—'morn bye," said Mom Bee, with a mighty yawn.

When day came, Missy was asleep, and honoring Glory-Ann's request, would not have her called for breakfast. It was the day for her music lesson, but Missy slept so late that the trip to town had to be abandoned.

Flora's night had been no happier than Missy's. She was very fond of her cousin Nicholas, in a way, and through the slackness and silence her sentiments underwent a reaction in his favor, but it was a reaction in which Desia had no share whatever. Nicholas's marriage was, in Flora's opinion, an injury not to be forgiven by any of his family; but she found herself wishing that, somehow, the consequences of that rash step might be visited upon Desia alone, who was, so Flora believed—alone to blame. Desia, as a clever and useful dependent of Mrs. Harry (that cousin of the Thornes on whom Miss Elvira feared for guidance in all perplexities), was well enough, Flora thought. She had grace, she had beauty, she had a fair education and pleasing manners, and Flora was quite willing to concede that if Cousin Myrtilla Harry chose to advance her protegé, Desia might lay claim to some notice from the social world of Tallahassee—but married to Nicholas! The thought was intolerable. And the day would surely come—Miss Flora was convinced—when Nicholas himself would bitterly repent it. Surely some way might be devised by which the secret marriage might be secretly dissolved, and Nicholas freed from the bonds into which he had allowed himself to be entrapped. Missy might be it; the Farnsleys were poor; they might be bribed to take themselves off to parts unknown. And Flora decided that it should be her task to make Nicholas listen to reason.

In spite of a sleepless night, she was early at breakfast the next morning, but Nicholas had already breakfasted and gone!

"Gone where?" Flora faltered, somehow that she was pale and trembling.

"Gone to Berry Furnival," the colonel explained. "The workmen are losing time."

"Oh!" said Flora, and the color rushed back to her face.

"For all that, we are in no hurry to have you leave us, Flora," the colonel said, patting her hand.

Nicholas remained away until long after tea, and as Aleck Gage came not, Miss Flora walked alone in the shrubbery. Never yet had she been so eager to welcome Aleck Gage, for her cousin's secret was fast becoming a terrifying burden; it seemed that she could not live another day and bear it alone, and there was no one to whom she dare tell it, except Aleck Gage; but she came not, and Aleck kept aloof, and went by, and Aleck kept aloof, and Nicholas, reasoning that her lack of sympathy, was careful not to give her an opportunity to speak with him alone.

The strain in here three or four days was beginning to tell upon Flora to an extent that could hardly have escaped notice, but that Missy had now attracted the anxious attention of her family. Night after night the child waked Mom Bee with the piteous complaint that she could not "stay to sleep."

"De have-a-mercy!" exclaimed Glory-Ann. "What all de chile? Honey, whey ha't ye?"

"Nowhere," said Missy. "I'm just suitable. Somethin' is goin' to happen."

"De ala' nothin' gwan happen," Mom Bee assured her. "What you scairt on?"

Missy did not know. By day she followed after Nicholas with a persistency that drew upon her Glory-Ann's severe rebukes.

"Mawse Nick is growed; he done wear clothes buggin' at his heels ca'nliked. Whyn't you mind 'nuthin?" commanded the old nurse.

But that was what Missy could not do, and at last Glory-Ann became sour and, "Missie-Missy" said she, "you gwine look sister Shirley's chile. She don't eat, an' she don't sleep, an' she is as restless! Trottin' 'boot somethin' gwan happen."

Miss Elvira, who never in her life had arrived at an unaided decision, appealed to Mrs. Leonard. Mrs. Leonard insisted that it must be green fruit, and recommended chickens; but Missy sternly denied the green fruit, and as sternly rejected the chickens. When the case was discussed in the kitchen it was decided that Missy had seen a sign, and all the old family servants about their heads with great solemnity.

At last Col. Hector Mansell became uneasy, and spoke of sending for the doctor. It was a dismal, rainy evening, after tea, and the ladies were gathered around the table in the parlor, Miss Leonard with a novel, Miss Elvira with Missy's work, Flora with her embroidery. The colonel sat apart, feeling Missy's pulse, and wondering why Nicholas, who had gone to Tallahassee in the morning, was so late returning. It was then that he declared his intention of sending for Dr. Lane, whereupon Missy began to cry piteously and protest that she was not ill.

"What then is the matter?" her father demanded, with the sharpness of anxiety.

"I'm just mizzable," sobbed Missy.

She looked so thin and worn and her childish voice sounded so shrill and weak that the colonel was moved to an unwonted demonstration of tenderness.

"My poor little daughter," said he, holding out his arms. "Come to me and tell me what will make you happy? You can have anything you ask."

"Will I have anything I ask?" repeated Missy, raising herself upon his breast in a paroxysm of tears. "Oh, my father!" she sobbed, "may I have anything?"

"Yes, Winifred; anything."

"Then," said Missy, eagerly, "promise, promise now, that you won't never send Brer Nicholas away no more."

The colonel smiled and stroked her hair. He understood it all now; Missy was jealous, jealous of Flora. "My dear child, we won't send him away—not I as least. And he glanced with a smile at Flora, whose cheeks shook so that she could hardly hold her needle.

"And even if he was to be—carried!" pleaded Missy.

"You must understand that when your brother marries you will have gained a sister," the colonel said, in his gentlest tone of authority. Missy's unreasoning fear of them was something to be pitied.

"Then was something to be satisfied.

"That is, was to be married to Desia Farnsley—she would be my sister," protested Missy.

Flora uttered a low cry and hid her face. She remembered now, and understood the mocking bird's sudden and startled flight from the thicket behind the summer house.

Mrs. Thorne and Miss Elvira looked up; they doubted whether they had heard aright; the colonel doubted like-wise, and yet a great dread seized him, in spite of his pride, in spite of his will.

"What?" he said, at last, with angry emphasis, and pushed the child roughly. "What infernal nonsense is this?" he demanded, as if of the room at large; and then his gaze fixed itself upon Flora. It was the first black look he had ever given her; but her face was hidden, and she did not see it. "What absurdity have you been putting into the child's head, Flora?" he said, severely. "A jest of this sort is simply scandalous."

"Tain't her!" cried Missy, with a shrill impetuosity. "Brer Nicholas is done married a ready to Desia—I heard him tell my cousin Flora."

Nicholas at this instant entered the room. Flora looked at him and saw that he had heard. His face was pale, but he did not flinch.

"It is a lie!" said the colonel, fiercely.

"Oh, yes, Missy," quavered Miss Elvira, with an agonizing thought of Susanna White's massive wheels who had not the courage to shock her brother. "You should n't be too ready to repeat what you hear. Children cannot understand every"—

"Will you be silent?" thundered the colonel; then he strode up to his son and repeated, with an oath: "It is a lie!"

"It is the truth, father," said Nicholas; "Desia is my wife."

Miss Elvira uttered a moan and wrung her hands. Mrs. Thorne stared; she did not yet fully comprehend the situation. Flora turned her face away; there was that in the eyes of her uncle and her cousin she could not endure to look upon.

"Now you see!" cried Missy, with shrill, infantile triumph.

The colonel staggered as if he would have fallen; for an instant he could not speak, but when he did speak it was with a calmness more dreadful than any outburst of fury.

"Get you gone," he said, contemptuously. "Never more be son of mine."

Missy threw herself face downward upon the floor and wailed:

"I asked you to promise! to promise!"

No one heeded her.

"Father," said Nicholas, "hear at least what I have to say."

"Out of my sight," his father interrupted, with cold, incurable sternness. "Beg, steal, starve. Never darken these doors again."

Nicholas turned without another word and strode from the room; whereupon Missy whirled over and sat bolt upright, defiance. "Then I'm goin' too!" she declared, and scrambled to her feet and rushed away.

No one heeded her; she was but a child.

The colonel turned to Flora and held out his arms. "My daughter!" was all he said. He did not know whether he was giving or asking comfort. And Flora cared not what construction her uncle might put upon her tears.

Miss Elvira sat and mourned and wrung her hands; there was no one to give her comfort.

"Well, I never, never knew anything equal to this!" said Mrs. Thorne, having found her tongue at last. "I shall never forget her temper as long as I live. Having made this announcement, she entered a series of little shrieks, and Miss Elvira "ceased wringing of her helpless hands" and rose and shut the door.

(Continued next week.)

Intermittent Knives.

Attend to your health. It will save your wealth. Use Dennis' Panacea and Laxative Liver Pills, headache and malaria snuff and superior cough syrup for tarth snuff and superior cough syrup for tarth snuff and superior cough syrup for tarth